

January 2016

Frances Emery-Waterhouse Correspondence

Frances Emery-Waterhouse 1902-

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EMERY-WATERHOUSE, (Mrs.) Frances

Born in Kennebunk, April 5, 1902.

Frances Emery-Waterhouse

I was born in Kennebunk, Maine, April 5, 1902. My parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frank M. Emery, Sr., still live on the original Emery homestead. I am a member of Rebecca Emery Chapter D.A.R. of Biddeford and Saco, and of Madonna Chapter O.E.S. of Kennebunk.

During childhood, I spent much time with my maternal grandmother, Annie Peabody Brooks. At her home I met George Barr McCutcheon, Margaret Deland, Booth Tarkington and many other writers of the day. I remember well a kindly bearded man who took me on his knee and told me animal stories. Grandmother told me his name was Mr. John Burroughs.

Living in such an atmosphere, watching my grandmother busy with pen and paper, it was not surprising that I decided to be a writer. I best remember my grandmother, however, as a humanitarian; I recall with deepest pleasure my trips with her around Kennebunk Beach and Kennebunkport Beach, in the golden fall days after the "summer folks" had left, where Grandmother collected cats abandoned by their masters. Sometimes the crop of one fall would be twenty cats; we have a picture of fifteen of these hapless ones grouped around a chipped willow-ware platter.

Before my tenth birthday I had written many "stories." My parents encouraged me in this work and from them I learned at an early age to love good literature. But ours was a musical family. Two of my brothers are accomplished musicians. I chose the piano. Writing was then put aside. My ambition was to be a concert pianist. Nothing came of this, although when I went to Latin-America to live it aided me in understanding the lovely ancient music of the Mayas. I have written several songs which I hope to see published soon. My youngest brother, L. Brooks Emery, also has composed music (of a more serious nature) which I hope to see in print.

Dorothy

At nineteen I married. One daughter/was born of this union. She is now Mrs. George L. Casey and lives in Orono, where her husband is a student at the University of Maine. This marriage ended in disaster. At thirty I was alone, with a young daughter to support. I had been "scribbling" for some years, so I turned to writing. My first articles were of an historical nature; these appeared in the Portland Sunday Telegram. With the encouragement of Mr. Hal Cram, and the help of my mother- she is an authority on early local history- I was successful in this venture. It led to a regular job on the Biddeford Daily Journal. As this paper's first featured writer I worked very hard for many months, often turning out two or three columns and a feature or two as my daily quota.

In 1938 I married Russell V. Waterhouse, a Kennebunk man, a graduate of the University of Maine, who had worked for the United Fruit Company twenty years. Our first home was Guatemala. I was immediately enchanted with the beauty of the country and fell in love with the people. Realizing the grave mistake made by many North Americans in declining to learn Spanish, and treating the gentle, hospitable Latin-Americans like an inferior grade of cattle, I took up the self-study of Spanish. I was greatly aided by my husband, one of the few gringos who may be termed bilingual.

After three years in Guatemala, we returned to Kennebunk. My husband went to Costa Rica. With all assurance that the trip would be an absolutely safe one, I sailed to join him. We left New York on January 14, 1947.^{2,3} On the boat were six women (returning Latinas) and one hundred workers enroute to the Canal Zone. Two hours out, the boat ahead of us was sunk by a German submarine. From then on it was one sinking after another. I was very ill when the boat docked. But my husband was not there to meet me, as he had said he would be; while I was on the water, he was sent to Panama to start the first American Manila hemp farms.

This experience was a terrifying one. I knew nobody in the country, nor did I know what to do. Suffering the discomfort of high fever, I went through customs and boarded the train for the capital, San Jose. The six-hour trip was passed in an agony of chills and apprehension. I had heard of the Gran Hotel, so I went there. Sitting in the lobby, wondering what I was going to do, I saw a tall blonde woman coming toward me, and recognized her as a good neighbor of my Guatemala days. Seeing that I was very ill, she helped me to bed. She called in a Costa Rican doctor, Dr. A. Oreamuno Flores, who had been educated in the States. I owe much to this good doctor; during the long weeks when I lay critically ill he was my one friend. Although the United Fruit Company had offices in the city, no American came to see me. Worse than this, neither my mail nor my telegrams were delivered- I learned what it means to be "right out of the world". My husband was frantic, for he could learn nothing about me. Finally the good doctor took me to the radio-telephone office and I talked with my husband. He came to San Jose and saw me settled in an apartment. I lived there a year, while he traveled around through Central America. Costa Rica became very dear to me, although I did not find the generous hospitality I knew in Guatemala.

For three months we lived in Almirante, an isolated corner of Panama. Just a handful of Americans among thousands of Indians, said to be head-hunters. They looked the part. We saw lifeboats bringing in half-drowned American seamen. When our food supply grew low, we blessed the tiny canned Maine potatoes. We saw our supply boat limp into port freckled with machine gun holes. The boat went on to the nearby port of Limon, C.R. While at dock it was torpedoed by a German sub. Fifty stevedores lost their lives. An anti-Nazi riot ensued, got out of bounds and the beautiful city of San Jose was a shambles when we arrived there- hardly a plate-glass window left unbroken.

My husband was "loaned" to the U.S. Government and sent to Nicaragua to organize Rubber development Corp. I was warned not to go there; the capital, Managua, is at a low altitude, situated on the shores of Lake Managua, and the climate is exceedingly trying. Malaria is so prevalent that it is said Managua babies are born with it. After a rough air trip from San Jose, I was delighted to see how fair is Nicaragua. Of the people, the nicest thing I can say about them is that they are real "Maine" folks. I must have been nipped by an Anopheles mosquito even as I stepped from the plane, for in two weeks I was extremely ill. I stayed that way for four months; before I was cured from one attack I was nipped by another Anopheles. It became necessary for me to come home.

We decided to make the journey by train, because the roughness of tropical flying made me extremely miserable. The day we left, we were both "down" with malaria. There was an eight-hour train trip through the jungle, eighteen hours by boat to La Libertad - the crew mutinied and fought for several anxious hours with two-foot machetes. From El Salvador we came right home to Kennebunk by train. Six weeks of such adventure I am putting in a book. All along the way we had to stop that I might be given injections

* see letter of March 28, 1947.

of quinine. An abscess developed. In Mexico City I submitted to a painful operation. Thrombo phlebitis developed. Kennebunk looked like Heaven to me, although I saw it only from my bed the next four months. When my husband returned to Nicaragua, I was unable to accompany him.

Soon after, 200 Mexicans came here to work for the Boston & Maine R.R. A War Project. Then began the most satisfying work of my life. I started a school for them, giving three nights a week to this work. Due to my teaching, many of my boys are now in good positions. But teaching was a small part of the work. The boys were sent here without anyone to speak for them. My days were full. Despite their health unsurance, I had great difficulty in getting sick ones cared for. On one occasion I had to sign and make myself responsible for all bills before a critically sick lad was given admittance in the Maine General Hospital.

Four of my lads were abused in Old Orchard. Thrown into jail, and, without the benefit of legal aid, sentenced to thirty days in Alfred Jail. Had this injustice been carried out, it would have caused trouble in Mexico; all of the 200 were highly indignant. One of the lads, the oldest, told me that he had decided to commit suicide rather than go to Alfred. A serious boy and I know he told me the truth. When the burden of all this became too much for me, physically and financially (one month I had a telephone bill of almost \$100.00), I found that my appeals to the Pan American Society and the Office of Inter-American Affairs were fruitless. The only help received was from the Salvation Army- \$30.00 given to a very sick worker. Due to my efforts I got the boys released, signed necessary papers. I gave them a pep talk and saw them on their way to Mexico. The unending stream of letters I receive from Mexico proves that my work was not without value. But I often wonder what would have happened had I not been here at that time. Nothing like this should be allowed to happen again. Not in Maine.

During the past few years I have written many articles and poems in Spanish, for Latin-American publications. Some of my articles have appeared in Nicaragua's official newspaper. When President Somoza got out a special edition of this sheet in honor of his wife's birthday, I wrote the poem for it. This has all been done purely as a goodwill gesture; in my Spanish work I have tried to convey the friendship which we of the U.S.A. feel for our Southern Neighbors.

In my book BANANA PARADISE I have tried to depict the superb beauty of Guatemala. To make a clear picture of the friendliness and fineness of the Guatemaltecos. A difficult task. I have tried, too, to show how important it is for Americans "down there" to change their views. If they do not, we shall have to pay the penalty.

My one ambition is to make enough money through writing to establish a school in Latin-America for underprivileged children. Where, with the help of my husband, I can teach not only our language but the beauty of our ideals; teach pliable young minds that the United States of America is a true friend. This ambition may not be realized; due to bitter hardships imposed on us because a nazi-minded American resented my exposure of Nazi deviltry, my health is not robust. But it is a lovely ambition. At present I am working on an historical novel, FOLDED SAILS. And I have nearly completed a sequel to BANANA PARADISE. Its name is GRINGO HEAVEN.

Recently I had the pleasure of appearing on a Bessie Beatty program over WOR New York.

Last year my husband and I started a Latin-America gift shop at our home. Rather, an importing business. We have all our merchandise made to order by friends in ten Latin-American countries. It is the first business of this kind to be started. We named our place LA CARRETA (the oxcart) and we had one of the beautiful handpainted oxcarts made and sent up. It has attracted wide attention. It weighs 375 pounds and was months in transit. Along with the business of earning a living, and helping our good friends "down there," we try to teach the people here all about Latin-America. In the shop I wear my handwoven Guatemala costume. We have Mayan relics, jaguar skins, native paintings, little native dolls to show visitors. As we sell, we lecture. Oh yes, we have a fine collection of tropical plants and trees to show people. Even bananas, which have almost crowded us out of the house this winter. People seem to enjoy this innovation very much.

If my writing sheds the tiniest bit of lustre on the glory of our State, I shall feel amply repaid for years of hard work; first and last, I am a State-of-Mainer.



WRITES OF LIFE IN BANANA KINGDOM

OCT 25 1946

"Banana Paradise," a book written by Frances Emery-Waterhouse, is announced on the fall list of Stephens-Paul, Publishers, of 367 Fulton St., Brooklyn, N. Y. The book is illustrated with pen and ink sketches by the author. It relates the thrilling life led by Mrs. Waterhouse during the six years she lived in the Banana Kingdom of Central America.

Mrs. Waterhouse is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank M. Emery of Lower Kennebunk, and a granddaughter of the late Annie Peabody Brooks, who will be remembered as the author of the splendid book on early local history, "Ropes Ends." Mrs. Waterhouse learned a love of writing from her grandmother at an early age. But it was after she had finished school and had joined the Rebecca Emery chapter of D. A. R., that her first work appeared in print. This was an historical article which she wrote for a D. A. R. chapter meeting. It appeared in the Kennebunk Star.

In 1938 she took up a regular job with a Biddeford paper. As the paper's first feature writer, she often turned out three columns and a feature or two as her daily quota of work. Despite this, she found time to write feature articles for various New England papers and for national magazines. Featuring historical subjects, Mrs. Waterhouse wrote many articles which appeared in the Portland Sunday Telegram.

A BACKWARD GLANCE INTO A PARADISE

In October, 1938, she married Russell V. Waterhouse who was starting his 20th year in Latin America with the United Fruit Co. Their home was on the west coast of Guatemala. First sight of Guatemala, Mrs. Waterhouse says, was like a backward glance into a paradise which might have existed 1000 years ago. The green flower-strewn jungles and the towering deep blue volcanoes impressed her deeply. The gentle Mayan Indians, clothed in colorful costumes which have remained unchanged for centuries—and the friendly cultured Latin-Americans who are descended from Spanish conquistadors, she found to be real home folks. That she might know better these friendly, hospitable Southern Americans, she undertook the self-study of Spanish. She was greatly aided in this work by her husband, one of the few Northerners living in the American Tropics who may be termed bilingual. From her Spanish-speaking friends she got first-hand accounts of legends and customs about which she writes in "Banana Paradise."

Mrs. Waterhouse lived in the banana town on the west coast of Guatemala three years. The little town, surrounded on all sides by dense jungle, became as a second home to her. On the day she left Guatemala, as she stood on the screened porch taking one last look at the thirteen blue volcanoes which ringed her home, the idea of the book came to her. It seemed there was only one possible title for the book: Banana Paradise.

MAINE GOOD NEIGHBOR

During the ensuing years the Waterhouses lived in Costa Rica, Nicaragua, Panama, and, for brief periods in El Salvador and Mexico. Mrs. Waterhouse gave a large part of her time to teaching English to underprivileged children. Under the heading "Buena Vecina de Maine" (Maine Good Neighbor) her work has been fluently written up in Latin-America.

In 1942 Mrs. Waterhouse sailed to join her husband in Costa Rica, the day that Nazi subs started their activity. The trip, she says, was a frightful one. When she landed at Puerto Limon, she learned that her husband had been sent to work on the first large Manila hemp farms to be planted in the Western Hemisphere. After Pearl Harbor no hemp was available from the Philippines, and Manila hemp was necessary to the operation of our Navy and Merchant Marine. This interval was an exciting one. The Manila hemp farms were situated in an isolated spot not far from the Canal Zone and it was not an uncommon sight to see lifeboats bringing in torpedoed Americans. After their supply boat was sunk at the dock in Puerto Limon by a German submarine, the Waterhouses and their neighbors found their food supply getting low; they were glad to get tiny potatoes which were canned in Maine. For his labor crews, Mr. Waterhouse had to depend on 1500 Indians who were said to be headhunters. These Indians were of tiny (though muscular) stature. They were wild and spoke

only in a sign language among themselves. Their faces were Head linesman: Carbonneau. daubed with streaks of bright red and yellow paint and their teeth were filed down to sharp points.

Mrs. Waterhouse has lived in Kennebunk during the past three years. Besides the work on her book she has written many articles and stories in Spanish for Latin-American papers and magazines. At present she is working on a novel which she calls "Folded Sails."

"Banana Paradise" will be on the market in November.

Former Journal Correspondent Writes A Book

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Has Written Many Feature Stories

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Mrs. Frances Waterhouse

Kennebunk. This is Mrs. Waterhouse's first published book, although she has written many feature stories for newspapers and magazines. She began her writing experience as a correspondent for the Biddeford Journal.

The book which will be in circulation in November, carries pen and ink illustrations by the author. Mrs. Waterhouse lived for six years in Latin American countries. Her husband at the time was employed by the United Fruit company. While in Latin America, the Kennebunk authoress wrote several articles for newspapers in Spanish. She contends that it isn't talent but hard work that has brought her success.

Mr. Waterhouse while in Panama raised the first manila hemp to be raised in the Western Hemisphere and started working at that time for the U. S. government. Panama and Costa Rica are the largest hemp producers in the world today.

Mr. and Mrs. Waterhouse have many friends in Latin American countries. They learned much of their Spanish from the natives and some of the stories in "Banana Paradise" were made possible by this fact.

Mrs. Waterhouse stresses the kindness of the Latin American peoples and the beauties of Guatemala from which her book material is mainly taken. From their Guatemalan home the Waterhouses could look upon 13 volcanoes, some of them active. Mrs. Waterhouse's last trip to Puerto Limon, Costa Rica, was made in 1942, at the time when German submarines were beginning their activities off the Atlantic coast. A boat sunk by subs as it was tied to a Porto Rican wharf took the lives of 50 stevedores.

Mrs. Waterhouse found the Latin Americans very interested in learning English and taught it wherever she lived. Her book was nearly completed at the outbreak of the war but had to be changed in order that it would carry the war's effect on the lives of the people in the Latin American countries.

Mrs. Waterhouse's grandmother, the late Annie Peabody Brooks, was a writer and aroused her granddaughter's interest in writing at an early age. The Kennebunker can't remember when she didn't like to write.

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Mrs. Waterhouse's grandmother, the late Annie Peabody Brooks, was a writer and aroused her granddaughter's interest in writing at an early age. The Kennebunker can't remember when she didn't like to write. She said she enjoys reporting and learned a good deal while working for the Biddeford Journal.

She is working now on a new book and also on a novel, has several songs, which may later be published.

November 5, 1946

Mrs. Frances Emery Waterhouse
Kennebunk
Maine

Dear Mrs. Waterhouse:

Reading recently of your forthcoming book, BANANA PARADISE, we were pleased to learn that we might claim you as a Maine author. Material on Latin-American countries is in demand, and we welcome new books on this fascinating subject. We are always especially interested in the work of Maine authors, so we are therefore anticipating the publication of BANANA PARADISE with eagerness.

Non-fiction by Maine writers is purchased through our regular book dealer for circulation, but we are at present writing to you about the Maine Author Collection. This is a permanent exhibit of about fifteen hundred volumes, inscribed presentation copies, written by those born in Maine, living here, or otherwise connected with the state. The books range from histories to cook books, from juvenile stories to religious essays; from law and biography to humor and travel. It is the only place where all the books of all Maine authors are gathered and permanently preserved as a unit, and is of steadily increasing interest and importance, not only to casual visitors, but also to students and researchers.

We hope that you will want to inscribe a copy of BANANA PARADISE for inclusion in the Maine Author Collection. It would give us great pleasure to see it among the books of other Maine writers. Please accept our very best wishes for the success of the book, and for the satisfactory completion of your novel.

Sincerely yours

hmj

In Charge of
Maine Author Collection

La Carreta
38 Storer Street
Kennebunk, Maine
November 8, 1946

Mrs. F.W. Jacob
Maine State Library
Augusta

Dear Mrs. Jacob,

Thanks for your nice friendly letter. I shall be very proud and happy to inscribe a copy of BANANA PARADISE for inclusion in the Maine Author Collection. I am not yet sure of the date of publication (my publishers have been bothered by various strikes) but I am sure the book will be out before the end of the month. And I think it is quite fitting that I inscribe the first copy for our State Library; my family has lived in Maine three-hundred years.

It is indeed a fine idea to put the non-fiction work of Maine writers in a permanently preserved unit. I can see where it would be a valuable source of information. If I am fortunate enough to secure a copy of my late Grandmother's book ROPES ENDS, I would like to present that also. It is a book on local history. There were a limited number of copies printed and those few are at a premium.

I hope, sincerely, that you will enjoy BANANA PARADISE. At any rate, I'm sure you won't find it dull; my husband lived in Latin-America twenty-seven years and I lived there six years. It was all exciting and lovely and I have worked three years to put it down on paper. Incidentally, I believe I am the first Maine writer to write in Spanish for Latin-American publications. In every article and story I wrote, I managed to slip the word MAINE in somewhere.

I appreciate your good wishes for success with my novel. It is coming right along and I hope to finish it next spring.

As soon as I receive copies of BANANA PARADISE I will inscribe a copy and send it to you.

Cordially yours,

Frances Emery-Waterhouse
Frances Emery-Waterhouse.

You might be interested in glancing over this clipping from our local papers.

December 5, 1946

Mrs. Frances Emery-Waterhouse
La Carreta
38 Storer Street
Kennebunk, Maine

Dear Mrs. Emery-Waterhouse:

Thinking that perhaps we could thank you for BANANA PARADISE at the same time that we thanked you for your suggestion about ROPES ENDS, we delayed replying to your delightful letter; but with such uncertainty about publication dates and shipping, we wait no longer.

ROPES ENDS would indeed be a fine addition to the Maine Author Collection, and we do hope that it will be possible to find a copy. Perhaps, at your convenience, you will also be so kind as to send us biographical information about you and your grandmother -- birthplace, birth dates, and so forth. We like to have all the information possible on our authors, and we appreciate a few paragraphs of a more personal sort than the usual Who's Who item, though we need the dates and statistics, too.

Thank you for sending the newspaper clipping. This is most interesting, and we have a copy of it and also the one which appeared in the Biddeford Journal. Such clippings, together with biographical information and book reviews, will be preserved, and we welcome this kind of material. We are returning your clipping, thinking that you will very likely want to have it.

We do hope that BANANA PARADISE will not be delayed unduly; we anticipate its publication and arrival with great eagerness.

Sincerely yours

hmj
Encl.

In Charge of
Maine Author Collection

La Carreta
38 Storer Street
Kennebunk, Maine,
March 27, 1947

Mrs. Hilda M. Jacob
Maine State Library
Augusta
Maine

Dear Mrs. Jacob,

Having received two such nice, friendly letters from you, I am truly sorry that I have been unable until today to write out the little autobiographical sketch you requested, and to send you the copy of BANANA PARADISE. I should have sent the book right along, then sent the sketch later. But it has seemed that I have not had time to do things I really wanted to do.

My book, I am very happy to say, is going over with a bang. It has all happened so quickly, it has dazzled me. Every mail brings me letters from "all over". Recently I went to New York to appear on the Bessie Beatty program. We were there a week. My publishers and my agent gave some nice parties for me and I met very interesting people. But I was glad to get back to Kennebunk. I am anxious to finish my novel, but will have to wait until the excitement dies down. All a lot of fun, but I am finding out that the actual writing of a book is a small part of it!

Tomorrow I will write a little sketch on the life of my grandmother and send it along with her book. Incidentally, if you would be interested in some of my Spanish articles, I have a few at hand.

I do hope you will enjoy BANANA PARADISE, Mrs. Jacob. The reviews will be out shortly. And thank you again for your letters. I liked them so much I sent them along to my publishers. Telling them to send them RIGHT BACK. They have not done so yet, but I am sure they will.

Cordially yours,

Frances Emery Waterhouse
Frances Emery-Waterhouse.

March 27, 1947

Mrs. Frances Emery-Waterhouse
La Carreta
38 Storer Street
Kennebunk, Maine

Dear Mrs. Emery-Waterhouse:

It is very pleasant to hear from you again, and we are delighted to welcome the inscribed copy of BANANA PARADISE for the Maine Author Collection. The book has been ordered for the library, but has not yet arrived, so it was with unusual interest and enthusiasm that we examined the book.

Surely it will accomplish a great deal toward promoting friendship for both countries, and making more familiar to us the people and customs of Guatemala. We are glad to know that its reception has been warm and favorable, and we hope that it will enjoy a long and active life.

Thank you for the biographical sketch, which is exactly the sort of information we like to have about our Maine authors. The result of such an eventful life must be a store of memories from which you can draw almost indefinitely for your writing. It is good to know that you have in mind a sequel to BANANA PARADISE, and we shall watch for publication of this and also your novel with eagerness.

Mrs. Frances Emery-Waterhouse

March 27, 1947

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Any of your Spanish articles which you might wish to send us, we would place in the Maine Author Collection. We have not made an effort to secure magazine and newspaper writings of our authors. Perhaps we should; but the original plan of the collection was to include only books, although when authors send us other material, we are happy to add it to the shelves.

We look forward to the material and book of your grandmother, and appreciate the care you have taken to make them available to us.

Again, our thanks for your generous interest and our very good wishes for the continuing success of BANANA PARADISE.

Sincerely yours

hmj

Encl--4¢ postal refund.

In Charge of
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38 Storer Street
Kennebunk, Maine
March 28, 1947

Mrs. Hilda M. Jacob
Maine State Library
Augusta
Maine

Dear Mrs. Jacob:

In reading over the carbon of the autobiographical sketch I sent to you yesterday(with my book BANANA PARADISE) I noticed that I ^{had} made a stupid mistake. On page 3, line 3, the date should be January 14, 1942- not 1947. This was the day that marked the beginning of the Battle of the Atlantic. And I happened to be on the scene as the first gun was fired.

Cordially yours,

Francis Emory-Waltonhouse

March 31, 1947

Mrs. Frances Emery-Waterhouse
La Carreta
38 Storer Street
Kennebunk, Maine

Dear Mrs. Emery-Waterhouse:

Thank you for your letter about the correction in dates. We will make the correction.

Thank you, too, for sending the most interesting picture of you in your Guatemalan costume, with La Carreta itself. The wealth of detail in both the fabric and painting is brought out very clearly. Costume and cart must be very colorful, and must excite a great deal of curiosity and admiration in Kennebunk. We appreciate your thought in sending us this picture.

Our good wishes continue for you and La Carreta and BANANA PARADISE.

Sincerely yours

hmj

In Charge of
Maine Author Collection

38 Storer Street
Kennebunk, Maine
January 21, 1948

Mrs. Hilda McLeod Jacob
Maine Author Collection
Maine State Library
Augusta

Dear Mrs. Jacob:

It has troubled me greatly that I have been unable to send you before this time my late grandmother's book, and the little sketch about her life. When I tell you that I have written two more books, as well as some music for Xavier Cugat, you will understand that it has not been sheer negligence on my part.

With my grandmother's book I am enclosing several Spanish articles I wrote. I wrote many of them and am sorry I have not got more copies at hand. However, I do not want to flood you with my work. And I hope the sketch on Annie Peabody Brooks does not smack of conceit; she was really a wonderful woman and I owe much of what I have done to her teaching and understanding.

It looks now as though I might have two more books of mine to send you: my agent writes that Twentieth Century Fox and Columbia Pictures came to her and asked for the two manuscripts of my novel- that Harper, Random House and Macmillan have asked to see it. The other book is one which I call GIFT RAPT.

I have been delighted with the response from my BANANA PARADISE. But the publishers aren't doing as they should; they just won't put the book on the market. It has been very discouraging. I'll just keep on, though. Now I am planning a little historical book which I think might be good for schools.

Thank you so much for your friendly interest. I hope that all is going well with you and that 1948 will bring you all kinds of good things.

Most cordially yours,

Frances Emery-Waterhouse

Frances Emery-Waterhouse.

February 9, 1948

Mrs. Frances Emery-Waterhouse
La Carreta
38 Storer Street
Kennebunk, Maine

Dear Mrs. Emery-Waterhouse:

It was very kind of you to keep the Maine Author Collection in mind, and to send ROPES' ENDS, and the other material. Please accept our thanks for your continuing interest and for making it possible to add the book and articles to the collection.

Your letter is most enlightening, and we marvel at the activity of your pen. Good luck to all the ventures. We shall watch eagerly for additional news of GIFT RAPT, and hope that when it and the other novel are published, the collection may be enriched by copies.

Sincerely yours

In Charge of
Maine Author Collection

hmj